THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE BY-STANDER.—No. VI.

Domus et placens Uxor. HOR.

A pleasing wife and family.

THERE is no sensation so exquisitely excellent to me as that which arises from the anticipation of the married state: when with a loving wife and smiling offspring I expect to enjoy unalloyed felicity. There is no greater proof of the intention of the Divine Being that man should marry, than the inexpressible happiness with which he looks forward to the period when he shall participate in those pleasures, the attainment of which appears to be the end of all his actions. Man's life is so transitory and uncertain that he has scarcely time to look about his temporary habitation before he is removed from this precarious and slippery stage, unnoticed and forgot; unless he has been so fortunate as to have left a family behind to perpetuate his memory. It appears inexplicable that a rational man can so far deviate from the instinct of nature as to avert the great intention of his Maker, and lose that attainment from which emanates the purest felicity: to mope about the world without a partner, whose softness might sooth his afflictions and dulcorate the miseries of this life. Man contemplates with indescribable pleasure the period when he shall have it in his power "to rear the tender mind and teach the young idea how to shoot;" when his amiable wife shall be a solace to him in affliction and greatest comfort in adversity; when he will obtain that respectable standard in society which a married man alone is entitled to, and when he shall have it in his power to reflect on the service he has done his country by giving to it perhaps a hero to defend its injured rights, a philosoper to enlighten the minds of his fellow men, or a physician to heal the afflictions of mankind. What pleasure can a solitary creature receive whose whole life is occupied in the gratification of his selfish propensities, who returns home after the accustomed labour of the day with no smiling family to hail and welcome him to his fireside, or wife whose conversation would dissipate the fatigues of his mind, and in whose arms he might with happiness recline and wear off the fatigues of the day in honourable felicity. Celibacy is a state so opposite to nature, and so repugnant to every sentiment of virtue, that I have often thought an old bachelor to be a nuisance to society, a despoiler of every thing moral or virtuous, and unworthy the esteem of every good man. I have often in contemplating the married state considered its influence on society. Instead of consumptive females, I could see mothers of families whose greatest pleasure arose, not from the fulsome adulation of *ribbon-brained fops*; not from the insignificant dance or prattling nonsense of *coxcombs*; but from a prolific source of pure felicity—the smiles of a lisping family. I could see one of our modern belles, instead of contemplating her own beauty in a looking-glass, observing with inexpressible pleasure the little girls that "catch the fair features of their mother's face," and boys who will one day be a support to her declining years and a defence from the insults of a depraved world. Instead of idle and pale-faced debauchees, I could see fathers connected to this world by endearing ties, whose zeal for their country would increase with their families. I could see the arms of the Prostitute in vain extended to ensnare the credulity of youth, and sap the very foundation of morality. I could see no seduced innocence lamenting and cursing her existence; but all domestic purity and true felicity. I could see society progress in one harmonious rythm of virtue and worth, and men whose ties to society and to the world would impel them to great and praiseworthy actions: In short, I could

see the golden age again return, when innocence would burst the shackles of oppression, and virtue and true happiness be the impulse to all our actions. This consideration affords me such pleasure that I cannot refrain giving it to the world, and I shall never think my duty fulfilled or my happiness complete, until I reach this state. When that period arrives, I shall consider the end of my creation answered, and shall with sweet resignation obey the call of that Being whose first and greatest mandate I have complied with. S.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

No. IV.

Accustomed as I am to the minute examination of countenances, and influenced by that spirit of philanthropy which results from a constant application to the science of Physiognomy, long, with enthusiastic eagerness, have I sought after the face of a youth of PROMISE. But how seldom is the physiognomist cheered in his laborious researches, with the rarely experienced gratification of meeting with a countenance he entirely approves and admires. After devoting his days and nights to a fruitless pursuit, his lucubrations are scantily requited by his thoughts occasionally lighting on a subject worthy of investigation. Too frequently even then does it chance, after many precious moments idly bestowed in the examination, that he has exhausted his time and patience on the dissection of a head weak and unsound, revolting at the scrutiny of criticism, and too tender to withstand the rude touches of the Physiognomist.

It has lately been my good fortune to spend some hours in company with the original of a face, which a few days before at St. Memin's, had afforded me such exquisite delight in studying in profile. True it is I formed an extravagant opinion of the original after a very short acquaintance with the profile; but so far from being diminished after access had to the original, I was transported with admiration immediately upon my seeing him. My eyes almost leaped from their sockets to penetrate the recesses of the soul of such a youth, that seemed the prince of a higher order of beings. Such an expression of countenance I would defy the most skilful artist to portray.—All the powers of art and fancy might be poured forth; but such an expression would even then be lost in the representation.

The profile has too much the appearance of a boy, yet must the Physiognomist know it to be the drawing of a first rate mind; deep and profound; most excellent as a professional character; faithful, feeling and refined.—From the form, outline and position of the forehead alone, his equal cannot be found amongst an hundred thousand, or one who so combines clear, deep penetration, with superior taste and power. The harmony, the congruity of the forehead and nose are evident; all will feel that such a nose must be the continuation of such a forehead; that the even, easy chin, must equally be a part of the whole; and that the cavity between the nose and the chin is most expressive and significant.

The arch of heaven's promise is not more beautiful than the eye-brows. The whole profile suggests the idea of the Appollo of Belvedera, corrected as to the harsh unnatural line of the forehead and descent to the nose. This head, with the hair in large waving divisions, is almost equal to that of the God. What then can be said of it less than that it is of a very superior kind. All is harmony: Nothing is base: With an eye threatening, commanding, fascinating.

How powerful, firm, courageous and pregnant is the nose. How mild, innocent and benevolent are the lips! How admirably adapted to utter the dictates of sense and taste!

Behold the chin, moulded in the Grecian form; but without its hardness and insensibility. It is the chin, which above all other features, betrays grossness or sensuality; but nothing of grossness or sensuality is *here* discerned. The whole is that which Lavater describes as almost preternatural. Strikingly a hero and an orator, a person superior to his contemporaries. Without designating in what particular he excels, suffice it to say, he is calculated to become conspicuous in all arduous pursuits, and will be a great and good man.

But alas, the uncertainty of human excellence! It is yet possible that vice may prostrate every fond hope conceived from this elegant juvenile countenance. Vice, like a consuming fire, may quickly destroy all its beauty and excellence, and crush in the bud this fair promise of a man that might adorn the most enlightened country.

The head when seen will be a sufficient apology for the space occupied in the remarks made upon it. I will now make a few remarks upon the profile of a young lady in water colours by the same artist.

II.

This is one of the faces in which every feature speask the same thing, and the form of the head and the position of the forehead, are correspondent to the pointed aquiline nose, supported by large, coral, firmly closed lips. I shall not make a partial remark on each distinct

trait. I will only say that the evidently beautiful original is lively, full of youthful frolic, sanguine, friendly, faithful, discreet, sensible and possessing a sufficient share of wit.

But I am much mistaken if the God of Love may not boast of her as one of his most favoured and favourite objects, formed to constitute the happiness of that man who shall win and deserve her. I cannot however conceal, that she will sometimes be rather too firm in her opinions and resolutions; rather too much inclined to have her *will* stand for a law. But seldom indeed, I am inclined to believe, will she require a submission to an unreasonable will. I can never behold a face like this without forming a wish to become well acquainted with the original.

In the number of enemies to this science, men who absolutely decry Physiognomy, it cannot be denied by the candid, that there are some who are deemed good and great men. "*They had heard of Lavater. They had seen his book*; *but they would not read it, &c. long as they lived.*" I knew a gentleman who had taken up the idea that he should see his own face, as well as the face of his friends, and should be sure of finding unfavourable accounts of himself and them. It was in short silly pride and self-love which prejudiced him against Lavater.—Could I have shewn him a face most strikingly resembling *his*, of which Lavater had spoken in high terms, I am sure he would then have read the book with avidity.

Several months have since elapsed and I dare say he has never since dipped once into Lavater, and that he absurdly values himself on his contempt for Lavater. O weak, frail, credulous creatures, divest yourselves of selfishness and envy. Divest yourselves of these infernal inmates of your bosoms, and you will marvel how greatly you all approve men formerly the objects of your hatred and rooted prejudices, and how amiable you will find some who (as self-love induces you to think) had treated you ungenerously.

I read with avidity Lavater's remarks on Aristotle.—He speaks of him precisely as he deserves. I cannot bear that such deference should be paid to the opinions of any one man, however great he may be, that even the nonsense he utters, on subjects he understands nothing of, and with which he ought not to meddle, should carry weight with them, and be acceded to by men of far superior information on those subjects. Nothing has more than this contributed to mislead mankind. Should Bonaparte give his opinion on a point of law, ought no man to expose his error merely because Bonaparte is a soldier and a statesman? Yes! every man who pretends to law learning ought, on that account, to speak with more freedom. But if —— should presume to publish his *notions* of religion, how monstrous would it be, if his station, philosophy, and supposed science should prevent other men from defending doctrines on which the welfare of mankind depends.

Lavater says just enough to shew his noble independence of sentiment, and to condemn Aristotle as he ought to be condemned, with respect to his physiognomonical ideas—viz—in the lump. How could the meanest observer suppose that a firm tip of the nose should denote a want of energy?

ZOPHYRUS.

ORIGINAL LETTER.

Mr. Easy,

The following letter was written by a most valuable young officer in our revolutionary army, a few hours before his death. He was the aid of, and fell before Quebec, with his friend General MONTGOMERY; a hero distinguished by his zeal, enterprize, skill and bravery. It is not improper to state that the worthy brother mentioned by this amiable young gentleman, soon afterwards, resigned his commission in the British army, attached himself to the American cause, and became a meritorious, distinguished and useful officer in our service. E.

My dear Father,

If you receive this letter, it will be the last this hand will ever write you. Orders are given for a general storm of Quebec this night, and Heaven only knows what will be my fate. But, whatever it may be, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to assure you, that in this cause, I feel no reluctance to venture a life, which I consider as lent only to be used when my country demands it. In moments like these, such an assertion will not be thought a boast by any one—by my father, I am sure it cannot. It is needless to tell you, that my prayers are for the happiness of the family and for their preservation in this general confusion. But there is one thing, which I must mention.—Should Providence, in its wisdom, call me from rendering the little assistance I can to my country, I could wish that my brother would not continue in the service of her enemy.

That the all gracious Disposer of human events may afford you, my mother, brother and sisters every blessing our nature can receive, is and will be to the last moment of my life, the sincere prayer of

Your

—— ——

Mr. Easy,

Abundant has been the information, rich the instruction, and delightful the amusement which I have derived from your literary treasury, and I trust that my assertion is not unfounded, when I say that the republic of letters, need entertain no apprehension that it will be soon exhausted, while they have so acute, so spirited, and so indefatigable a financier as you. Think not, sir, that I am playing the sycophant when I thus address you, for that is a character which above all others I despise; it is a character far more to be dreaded than an open, and professed enemy; for if the latter meditate any evil designs against you, you are made acquainted with them, you are at liberty to provide for your own safety, and you may possibly avoid the premeditated blow. But the insidious sycophant conceives, matures, and executes the most execrable designs under the mask of the most sincere friendship. While his lips are pronouncing to you in all the elegance and smoothness of language, the ardor of his affection, the benevolence of his intentions, his heart is manufacturing the most deadly poison to your life, your honour and your reputation. Although the words proceed from his mouth as smoothly as oil, they are sharper than two-edged swords. Subtlety and death lurk in the breast of the sycophant. So exquisite are his powers of dissimulation, that he can assume the countenance of a seraph, while he stabs you to the heart. Wherefore I conjure all those who are desirous of preserving their happiness, their fortunes and their lives, to avoid the sycophant as they would a fiend from the infernal regions. Although he should endeavour to persuade you with the mellifluous voice of an angel, listen not to him; shun him, for he is the most "abominable abomination of all abominations." But whither has this detestable character led me? I hope, Mr. Easy, you will pardon this digression, for so exceedingly does my heart despise such a character, that I cannot resist my inclination to attack him whenever opportunity offers. The torrent of abhorence pours into my mind with such vehemence, that I must give vent to it, and contribute a small rivulet to that immense deluge of infamy, in which the sneaking sycophant should be overwhelmed. But let this suffice for sycophancy; I must now speak to that subject, which was the primary object of my present communication.

It is a well known fact, that in every garden, no matter how excessive its beauty, no matter if it equalled the garden of Eden in elegance, some particular flower surpasses all the others, in the richness of its hues, or in the pleasure and penetration of its odour. So it is with the Companion; it forms an agreeable, variegated and picturesque flower-garden, in which the seeds of literature are sown, progress and are matured for the edification of the amatures of knowledge. Nor is variety wanting, for there is matter in it adapted to the various tastes and dispositions of men; there is something calculated to coincide with the feelings of the grave; something to excite a smile in the face of the gay; something to suite the moral or religious character; in short, it is a source from which every rank of citizens may extract something for their benefit, something to further their erudition.

I have said that in a flower-garden some particular flower strikes the senses of beholders more forcibly, fixes their attention more stedfastly than others of an inferior quality: So it is with me. I have lately beheld a flower in your literary garden, which does honour to its cultivator; which in my opinion excels all the others that I have seen in the sweetness of its fragrance and in the beauty of its appearance. Yes——Emily's charming "Pastoral" will exist a never fading flower, in the wreath of honour that adorns her meritorious head. Sweet girl—I exhort you to consider it as a very precious jewel in your coronet; consider it as a composition that exceeds mediocrity, even as the resplendence of the noon-day's sun surpasses in effulgence the feeble light of the dependent moon, or the faint glimmerings of the twinkling stars.—It is a piece of poetry replete with sweetness, harmony, and good sense, and while we have a person that can invoke the Sacred Nine with so much ease, smoothness, and elegance, I hope that Emily will continue to grace the pages of the Companion, with her occasional poetical effusions. It is a reflection peculiarly consolatory to me, that our state embosoms a fair one, who has the power to please to such an extent, who can "sweep the sounding lyre" with so great nicety. Go on, sweet charmer, and convince those haughty trans-atlantic bigots, that the genius of literature as well as liberty has taken up her residence on the continent of America: let the nations of Europe be made sensible that they must no longer look down upon us, with the supercilious glance of conscious superiority, but take us by the hand as equal to them in literary acquirements, and consider us as a people who can boast of as many men and women of genius and learning as they can. Continue to soar aloft on the pinions of your fertile imagination, and you will contribute in no small degree to wipe off that stigma of inferiority in point of ingenuity which the inhabitants of the old world wish to attach to us.

In a political point of view America has taken her

and among the nations of the earth, and we have reason hope from numerous specimens of genius with which e natives of this continent have furnished us, that she ill ere long become a rival with them in the sphere of terature. The language of a respectable historian is :— The fates are preparing an exalted destiny for Ameri-." It is to be hoped that they will spin out the thread literature to its greatest possible length ; nor let it break ntil it renders our country as conspicuous for learning as berty. May the genii of liberty and literature go hand hand until they exalt it to the very acmé of excellence.

Friend Easy, I now present you with this "rudis in-igestaque moles" to use it as you please. I doubt not t you will esteem the ideas heterogeneous, but it would inconsistent with the eccentricity that characterizes me write systematically.

The principal object I had in view was to pay that ho-age of respect to Emily's Pastoral which I think it me-ts; and whatever else has crept in, is in the digressional ay, which, though it may not appertain closely to the bject, I hope is not altogether inapt or improper.

Some persons perhaps may suppose, that I am actuated the spirit of flattery arising from personal intercourse th the polished authoress of the 'Pastoral,' to write in is manner. I can however inform them, that I am a tal stranger to her, have never seen her to my know-dge, nor do I know her name, but I should certainly nsider it as an happy and important era in the annals of y life, to become acquainted with so fine a woman. I not conclude without expressing a wish that a spirit of mulation in poetry may pervade the minds of the belles Baltimore, and cause them to annex their names to the t of Emily's and Clara's. RUSSEL.

Harford County, March 21, 1806.

ADDRESS TO FASHION——AN EXTRACT.

I declare, madam, that you are at this moment em-oyed and occupied in the introduction of those manners d that profligacy, which brought on the ruin of a eighbouring kingdom, have involved Europe in all the iseries that now oppress it, and, if suffered to advance maturity, will shortly corrupt, and, in the end, anni-ilate the boasted virtue and honour of Great Britain.

There never was a period, and I assert it, fearless of con-adiction, though with an aching heart, when your influ-nce was so baneful to morals, so obnoxious to honour, d so hostile to domestic happiness, as in the day that is ow passing over us. But though I cannot allow you one olitary good quality, I am ready to do you justice, by acknowledging your genius, however misapplied, and your penetration, however ill directed.*

You well know that men, from the nature of their occupations, from the objects which they pursue, and the passions that govern them, are not altogether subject to your control ; it is, therefore, to the women, and not to those who resemble women, that you direct your peculiar and insidious attentions.

You well know that if you can enslave, or, in other words, corrupt the women ; if you can infuse into the female character a fanatical disposition to attend upon your altars, your reign will be secure, and your dominion supreme.

Hence it is, that you employ so much art to influence the higher orders of the female world from the cradle to the grave. Hence it is that you conduct your votaries through various scenes of gaiety, display, and dissipation, to the altar, and from thence through all the negligence of maternal duties, and the indulgence of mutual passions, to the final resources of cards or devotion.

Your original power was confined to the labours of the loom, to the shape and colour of upholstery, and the exterior decoration of the useful apparatus of life ; and, while you confined yourself to these objects, your office was inoffensive and innocent.

Now, you presume to dictate, or rather destroy, principles, and influence manners ; you take upon you to occupy the place of reason and experience ; you assume the province of forming character ; your power then becomes very alarming and dangerous to the health, the virtue, and happiness, of the female world.

In your progress to complete the conversion which you have in view, you exert all your endeavours to undermine those qualities which must prove the great obstacle to your designs.—You have been most wickedly active, and fatally successful, in banishing modesty from your circles. Hence it is, that the fashionable young women of the present day indulge themselves in a mode of conversation, a latitude of expression, and a freedom of demeanour, which the courtezan of a former period would have blushed to practice.

Dress may run through all its variations, from simpli-

* If we look to the origin of most fashions, nothing can more effectually make us feel their absurdity.—In *William's* time, to lack a Roman nose was to lack every thing.—In *Richard the Third's*, you were nobody, if you had not a hunchback.—In *Alexander's*, a wry neck was *all the go* ; and in *Philip of Macedon's*, to have more than one eye was quite a bore. The silly, and wicked fashion of swearing, was probably introduced by some such ridiculous precedent.

city to gaudiness, from splendor to the fantastic, without any violation of decorum or moral duty; but the present mode of appearance, which is adopted by many persons in superior life, is a very high degree of immorality, because it is indecent and immodest; because it is a shameful defiance and contempt of those qualities which are the brightest ornaments of the female character. There is little doubt, if one of those unhappy women, who have abandoned themselves, or have been abandoned by their seducers, to prostitution, were to appear, in any public place, in that shocking, half-clothed state, in which so many women of rank present themselves to fashionable assemblies, that she would risk a submission to the penalties of Bridewell.

The time was, when you were nothing more than the regulating minister of the form and exterior appearance of those ranks in life, to which a submission might be practiced without inconvenience or dishonour.—But the time now is, when you are become the school-mistress of vice and immorality, when the demon of impudence is your idol, and when the paths, in which you conduct your disciples, lead to profligacy, to ruin, and a premature sepulchre.

But though your power, I fear, is increasing, there is, I doubt not, still remaining, a sufficient stock of virtue, which, if brought into exertion, would not only check, but destroy it. A parish church has lately been weekly crowded, to inconvenience, with persons, and particularly women of rank, wealth and distinction, to hear an eloquent, learned, and pious prelate expound the principles of Christianity, enforce its duties, display the celestial inheritance which awaits the good, and denounce the punishment which will one day tread on the heels of transgression. His labours, and the example of other distinguished persons, will, I trust, arrest you in your wicked career: nor am I without the hope, that the above observations, though short, will be found to aid the cause of virtue, that they will tend to diminish your abominable influence, to restore the reign of decency, decorum, and good morals, and promote a saving sense of honour, virtue and religion, among the female youth of my country.

ON READING.

In the pursuit of amusement or information, it is not always necessary to read every book entire. Perhaps this task is now become an impossibility. There are, it is true, *ostentatious erudits*, who, by their infinite and exact quotations, appear to have read and digested every thing; but the quackery of the learned has been often exposed, and the art of quoting fifty books in a morning, by the help of the little supplement placed at the close of every volume, of which few readers conceive the utility, is a task neither difficult nor tedious. From such *ostentatious writers*, readers, artless and honest, have conceived an illusive idea of the power and extensiveness of the human faculties. Of many books, however, it is sufficient to seize the plan, and to examine some of its portions.

It may be unnecessary also to read all the works of an author, but only to attach ourselves to those which have received the approbation of posterity.* By this scheme we become acquainted with the finest compositions in half the time those employ who, attempting to read every thing, are often little acquainted with, and even ignorant of, the most interesting performances. A reader is too often a prisoner, attached to the triumphal car of an author of great celebrity; and when he ventures not to judge for himself, conceives, while he is reading the indifferent works of great authors, that the langour which he experiences arises from his own defective taste: but the best writers, when they are voluminous, have a great deal of mediocrity.

A frequent impediment in *reading*, is a disinclination in the mind to settle on the subject; agitated by incongruous and dissimilar ideas, it is with pain that we admit those of the author. But, it is certain, that if once we apply ourselves with a gentle violence to the perusal of an interesting work, the mind soon assimilates the subject; the disinclination is no more; and, like Homer's chariot-wheels, we kindle as we roll.

Happy is he who feels an inclination for *reading!* and what a loss those must sustain, if only considered in the light of amusement, who cannot, in the hour of sickness and sorrow, "beguile the woe-fraught period" with the works of some ingenious author:—When left by friends, who, tired of the gloom of a sick chamber, and the querulous complaints of suffering humanity, fly, to forget themselves, to a *rout*, *concert* or *opera*, your books never forsake you! They are companions with whom you may be grave or gay: you can, without fear of offending, dismiss or recall them at pleasure: they instruct us, by innumerable examples worthy of imitation, to live and

* Thus of *Milton*, it may be sufficient to read nearly all his poetry, little of his prose, and nothing of his history or politics:...of *Fielding's* twelve volumes, six may be sufficient:...of *Voltaire's* ninety, thirty may perhaps satisfy:...of *Lord Chesterfield's* Letters the third volume is the essential one, and concentrates the whole system.

e like Christians: by them we may acquire a competent owledge of this world, and be enabled to prepare for a tter.

Count T. complained to Foote, that a slanderer had ined his character. So much the better, replied the it, for it was a bad one, and the sooner destroyed the etter.

An elegant writer, describing the perfections of a lovely oman, declares, in glowing phrase, that "the fire, hich flashed from her eyes, shewed, that she felt all the ssions, which she inspired."

A gentleman, informed by a bill on a window of a ouse, that *apartments were to let*, knocked at the door, nd, attended by a pretty female took a survey of the remises. Pray my dear, said he smiling, are you to be et with these lodgings?—No, replied the Fille de Chamre with vivacity, but I am to be *let alone*.

A sea captain, not much accustomed with the customs f a theatre, being presented with a ticket to the opera was sked, on his returu to his lodgings how the performers acquitted themselves. Upon my conscience, replied he, I ave no very fine ear for music; but by the manner in which those that I suppose were judges behaved I hould think that the performers did very ill. One of hem sung so bad, that they made her sing all her songs over again.

What can favour the pretensions of that old dotard to the hand of that young and accomplished lady? Is he rich? Yes; he has gold enough to gild over the bitter pills of age and impotence. This forcibly brings to our remembrance the witty lines of the poet, who observes, that

——— the precious metal
Solders sexes like a kettle.

An *eating*-house fell down some time ago in London; a gentleman, who saw the crowd, asked a fellow in the street, what was the matter. Nothing, replied the other, only a *cook's-shop* that's *dishst*.

Old Time kills us all,
Rich, poor, great, and small,
And 'tis therefore we rack our invention,
Throughout all our days,
In finding out ways,
To *kill him*, by way of prevention.

Owing to the indisposition of one of our *Carriers*, the last Companion did not reach all our subscribers in the western district; those not served, can be supplied at the office.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

SYLPH is received.

MERCURY is postponed, for a second examination.

PROPOSALS

OF ABNER NEAL, SAMUEL COLE, & SAMUEL BUTLER,

For publishing by subscription, an impartial and succinct History of the Rise, Declension and Revival of the

CHURCH OF CHRIST,

From the Birth of our Saviour to the present time;

With faithful characters of the principal personages, ancient and modern.

BY THE REV. T. HAWEIS,

Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, and Rector of All-Saints, Northamptonshire.

This work was published in London as late as the year 1800, *and the author has been uncommonly successful in pleasing Christians of almost every denomination; for, where historical truth did not render it necessary, he followed the true scriptural rule of speaking ill of no man or sect of men; at the same time his style is simple, nervous and elegant, and his accounts apparently correct, in many instances more so than his predecessors. The work has been perused and critically examined by several of the Rev. Clergy, and other respectable religious characters of this city, and in every instance highly approved.*

CONDITIONS.

I. It will be put to press as soon as 500 subscribers sanction the work with their signatures.

II. It will be printed on a good paper, and make three vols. large octavo, to contain from 450 to 500 pages each.

III. The price to subscribers will be, payable on delivery, six dollars in boards—six dollars and seventy-five cents handsomely bound, and eight dollars bound in calf. To non-subscribers, they will be raised.

IV. Any person subscribing for ten copies, or procuring ten subscribers, and being accountable for the payment, shall have one copy gratis.

V. The list of subscribers shall be printed at the end of the third volume.

☞ *Subscribers received at the Office of the Companion, and at the Book-stores of the Publishers.*

The following parody was written by a gentleman of this city; it has been highly complimented in several diurnal prints and appeared in the Port-Folio with the following introductory remarks.

[Monk Lewis *has* parodied himself; *and his* ballad *style has been* travestied *by others very humorously. We have read scores of merry imitations of "Alonzo the brave, and the fair Imogene," but they were the production of British bards. The following is from the "Anti-Democrat," and is a proof that, amid the dulness and malignity of the times, we can sometimes discover good natured* wit, *and sportive humour.*] [Port-Folio.]

SAM SNIP AND BETTY BLIGHT.

A parody on parodies.

A tailor so smart, and a damsel so tight,
Drank *gin*, as they sat on a bench:
They push'd round the bottle as long as 'twas light,
Sam Snip was the name of the tailoring wight,
Betty Blight was the name of the wench.

And now, says Sam Snip, since to-morrow I go
To *kick* for some trade out of town,
At a certain church meeting, to which you oft go,
You may tumble in love with some quill-driving beau,
And repay all my smiles with a frown.

Do you mean to affront me? fair Betty Blight said,
You must think very meanly of me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the *gin-bottle*, none in your stead
Shall the husband of Betty Blight be.

And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting my Sammy so civil,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost, with a large *pair of shears* at his side,
May come to the wedding, there claim me as bride,
And carry me off to the devil.

'Twas *cucumber* time, and away went poor Sam;
His *doxy* she cri'd to be sure;
But scarce had a fortnight elaps'd, when behold
A *quill-driving* beau, with his silver and gold,
Pick'd her up at a meeting-house door.

His features, his cash, and his sweet pretty name,
Soon made her untrue to poor Sam;
The sight of his *shiners* bewilder'd her brain;
She declar'd that the tailor had woo'd her in vain,
That she did not care for him a d— —n.

And now they got marri'd, and sent off the priest,
For they knew that he drove away fun:
The tables all smoak'd with a plentiful feast,
Nor yet had the singing and dancing quite ceas'd,
When the watchman went by bawling—One!

Then first, with amazemnt fair Betty Blight found
That a stranger was stuck by her side;
His hair was quite stiff, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But star'd with both eyes on the bride.

His hat was three-cock'd, and his coat button'd tight,
His stockings, one red, t'other blue,
His coat, just like Joseph's, was patch'd left and right,
'Twas so motley the dogs ran away from the sight,
'Twould not sell for old clothes to a Jew.

This wonderful figure threw all in dismay,
For he look'd like a Hottentot savage;
At length Betty spoke, while she trembled—I pray
That your coat and your hat, Sir, aside you would lay,
And partake of our bacon and *cabbage*.

At the sound of the last word, the stranger complies,
And his trappings he quickly unclos'd;
When oh! what a sight met fair Betty Blight's eyes.
What artist can paint her dismay and surprise,
When a large *pair of shears* was expos'd.

All present then roar'd—'twas a general shout,
That the tailor's poor hide they would tan,
But in turning him out, why he ran farther in,
And seizing a glass, toss'd it off full of *gin*,
And address'd Betty Blight like a *man*.

Behold me, *pot-wrestler*, behold me, he cri'd,
You have brought on yourself this *here* evil,
God grants that, 'to punish your falsehood and pride,
'My ghost, with a long *pair of shears* at his side,
'Should come to your wedding, there claim you as bride
'And hoist you away to the devil.'

Thus saying, his arms round poor Betty he wound,
And in spite of whate'er she could say,
He cut off her head, and then sunk thro' the ground,
Nor ever again was poor Betty Blight found,
Or the tailor who took her away.

The quill-driver di'd too, and none since that time,
At the meeting-house door do presume,
To make free with the girls, for by orders sublime,
There Betty Blight suffers the pains of her crime,
And sends forth a brimstone perfume.

At midnight twelve times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals with slumber are dead,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear on the pavement—Oh! dear, what a sight,
And scream while Sam cuts off her head.

There *nine tailors* are seen, with a hop and a skip,
Dancing round this most horrible sight;
They drink out of *thimbles*, their liquor is flip,
And this is their toast, 'here's success to Sam Snip,
'And the devil take false Betty Blight.'

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